

10-27-1818

## Letter from John P. Finley to James B. Finley

John P. Finley

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### Recommended Citation

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bundle light Piqua Oct 27th 1818

My dear James, Your last letter, with its contents, came safe to hand and I am well satisfied with your disposal of the stove. I feel very lonely for the want of your company. I do not know how to live without you. I fully expected you here this fall, but alas! I am sadly disappointed, although I think you are excusable on the account of your afflictions. The treaty is concluded with the Indians, the principles of which you have perhaps seen in some of the papers. Boro Johnston says that it is the greatest purchase that has ever been made. The land is generally good, highly situated, and well watered, and of course will be healthy. I suppose if the treaty concluded by the Com<sup>rs</sup> be ratified by government that landjobbers will be as numerous and as troublesome in this region, as the fowls were to Abraham when he had prepared the bodies of the beasts to sacrifice upon the altar. I am determined to oppose them, with many others, and I pray that we may be successful in driving those Eagle-eyed Vultures from so lovely a carcass prepared for the poor. Perhaps in one year the land will be for sale. I like this place pretty well, a few exceptions. It is certainly as healthy as any place in this State. The land is very rich well watered, high, and a good circulation of air. The place is new and of course settlers will have some difficulties to encounter. My school is good. But I do not intend to teach much longer for a living. If I can do better. I may perhaps struggle for some public station in this new world. and should I succeed I shall yield up the Rule & Pen, at least

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Rev. James B. Finley

Newtown

Ohio

Piqua Oct 29

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for a while. Religion is reviving in this quarter  
and the prospects more comfortable now than when I  
came <sup>to</sup> this place. Last sabbath we had our quarterly  
meeting and one among the best banquets I ever was  
in. Our publick meeting was not so energetic, but no  
doubt good was done. I think you would like it <sup>how</sup> much  
indeed. My soul revolts at the idea of your going to Beaver  
Town, it is certainly the wrong course. I am glad that  
religion revives around you, I pray that the nine days  
wander, may produce a ten days rain, and that the  
seed sown may yield a plentiful harvest under the  
patronage of our vacillating unaccountables, as they are  
called. In order to this let us always work in our own  
harness, and plough with the old shear and scythe  
which have ~~broken~~ cut through, and broken up so  
many sinners hearts, and shorn off the weeds of our  
guilty earth. I am still doing something to advance  
the good cause, and hope ever to bear testimony to the  
truth. I am very unsuccessful and unpopular, but still  
the Lord avails my feeble attempts in some degree which  
keeps me alive, both in faith and hope. I am still more  
than ever anxious to spend all my time in the study of  
explanations of the scriptures, but I cannot do it in my  
present situation. And our Church will not give a hard  
support for my family (and this would be all I should  
ever ask) my way therefore is closed, I am sometimes  
much tempted to join some Church that would support  
me while I would devote my life to the ministry, but  
I cannot yield to such a scheme of Satan. I never  
have been so solitary and lonesome in all my life.  
My days are spent in fruitless wishes and anticipation  
your society is wanting, and I cannot live without  
you. You are under obligations of importance to me  
and I think you ought to fulfil part of them at  
least. You ought to come and see us - But perhaps  
you cannot until summer.

I would be glad to hear from brother Dean. I  
pray God to show mercy unto his house - for he oft  
refreshed and renewed my wasted strength. I would  
be glad to see many of my old friends, but I must  
content myself with reflecting on what is past  
with some hope of what is to come. I have done  
all I can to fix for a resting place here what will be  
the issue I cannot tell. William says his uncle is gone  
he has quit paounding the partition <sup>him</sup> and calling for you  
and when we tell to go and call you. his answer is  
he will not, for his uncle is gone. John says he never  
expects to ride on the old back again, but sends much  
love to his old friends, and says if Grandfather Lucas  
will bring us a barrel of water he will go with him  
home. It really makes me cry sometimes to hear the  
children talk about you. I have some thought next  
summer to come and see you, for I rather think  
I shall ~~see~~ see you soon unless I do. I have not  
of father ~~for~~ Mother for some time. He has been  
sickly in Birmingham and as high up as Dayton.  
The Presbyterian Preacher of Dayton is dead and I think  
as many as three in different places. The Reverend Pastor  
of this place has been down some time, but he  
got his sickness in turn. if he does recover it  
will not be before spring. Next season will be the  
time to get home, come down and get rich  
bring all with you that you can. This is the proudest  
letter I have ever written I do believe, it is not  
worth the postage. Sally joins me in sending  
our best love to you. Hannah & Elizabeth  
Rachel sends love to her friends. She has joined  
Society again and appears much engaged. I am  
and believe me to be unalterably your Bro until  
death  
James P. Finley  
John P. Finley  
I still want George to pay me without fail